

The Woods

The sun shimmered through the trees as he opened the zipper on his tent, even though the scenery was beautiful, he couldn't help but feel an overwhelming amount of fear seep through his body like a wave going over his head at an unfathomable rate as he remembered the terrifying encounter the night before. He delicately stepped out of his tent, then he took a few hastily steps away from it while breathing in the smell of the wet wood emitting from the trees, for a second he felt safe, he felt relaxed some people might say. But that was only for a split second as he remembered once again the dreadful dilemma that happened before the peaceful morning. He carefully tip-toed back to his makeshift residence like a stealthful ninja avoiding the traps his foes left behind or like a lion hunting its prey.